



Steven Hill

Hourglass

We must shop, the shelf is bare,
Hurry, hurry, blackness there.
Not a crumb to calm my fear,
Not a kin for miles of here.

Vacant cupboards know no peace,
We shop until we find release.
Rush to fill the emptiness there,
Desire drives a hunger scare.

Now the pantry bins are stuffed, our
Minds relieved, we have enough.
Soon spoilage rots the larder bare, and
Starts a race to gulp the fare.

Relief beyond the grasping hand,
Devours crumbs of urgent demand.
Final scraps from you I take,

Devil's desire, fulfill or forsake.

So once again the shelf is bare, we
Dash to fill the blackness there.
Round and round, does it ever stop, this
Maddening race against the clock?

For one elusive moment I close my eyes and fantasize:

I will stay alone here in my shuttered house,
never venturing forth, never promising touch,
always sure of a little shrunken world or
a conversation with a mouse, fed
crumbs with my spoon...

*(Will panic devour our human mind
trembling before the decay of time?
The mind's cupboard wants for peace,
but the tolling of the bells increase...)*

Now the kitchen bins are snug, our
bellies full, our minds are smug.
as hungry time consumes our best, we
throw out some...and keep the rest.

Dah da dah da dah de dah,
Dah da dah de dah de dah.
Dah de dum de dum de dum, de
Dah de dum de dum de dah.

Dusk to Dark

I'm here for the daffodils,
 I see them beneath my windowsill
 they were your favorite,
 you, my rock
I wish the rocks would speak to me.

Once you were here,
 the future seemed clear
our names inside each other but
now the distance between me and every spark
reminds me of when you breathed your last,
passed out of time,
 the world had changed so much,
the rocks would no longer speak,
 the daffodils bowed,
the moon rose and
 revealed silver ghosts across the midnight land.

Tonight the moon is covered half full
Dusk to dark
Dark to black
black to nothingness
the light rises no more.
The black rises to meet
 the shadow at the end,
where nothing remains and the
 times we lived
have slowed to molecules to small vibrations,
barely perceptible at time's end.

But what if the size of the mountains we climbed,
or the trail through the dark valleys we crossed,
or the water covering the deepest trench
 are the remains of the joys that we shared?

I wish I could tell you all this. I wish I could whisper close to you.
I will tell it to the folded daffodils
 silent beneath my windowsill,
 dancing the yellow bliss of glory and gratitude.
I will speak to the rocks if they will speak,
 and I will listen...
 and listen...
 and listen...
 in case you speak.

[Steven Hill](#) is a Caveat Lector principal and contributing writer. He is a journalist and the author of seven books of political non-fiction. His essays, articles, and media interviews have appeared in the New York Times, Washington Post, The Atlantic, Wall Street Journal, Wired, Guardian, Le Monde, Die Zeit, NPR, PBS, BBC, C-SPAN, Democracy Now, and many others. He is the chief editor and contributor to the online publication [DemocracySOS](#). He has published short fiction and poems in a number of publications, including the Columbia Journal, Minnesota Review, San Fernando Poetry Journal, Struggle, Prophetic Voices, and the anthologies Sparkle and Blink, Grasp the Rainbow, and Poets for a Livable Planet. His plays have been produced in New York City (Off Off Broadway), Washington, D.C., and San Francisco. His website can be found at www.steven-hill.com/.